

Orange and Blue.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

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NO. 7.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES IN LANGDON HALL.

Under the auspices of Admiral Semmes Chapter, U. D. C., of which Mrs. B. B. Ross is president, exercises were held in Langdon Hall, Jan. 19—commemorating the birthday of Robt. E. Lee and incidentally the death of another son of the South, John B. Gordon of Georgia. Pres. C. C. Thach presided, introducing the speakers for the occasion; and by way of a preface made a few apt remarks of his own.

He pointed out the attitude that the students should assume towards such memorial exercises, for which the various branches of college work were suspended. He also said that he was longing for the time when there should be someone, perhaps in our own department of history, capable of writing a history of our country from the Southern stand-point—not to uncover ashes that had best remain buried but to give a view of the old and the conditions which were peculiar to it alone.

Owing to the illness of Prof. Webb, Dr. George Petrie was asked on short notice to fill his place. With a quiet dignity Dr. Petrie proceeded to give a sketch of Lee, not Lee the soldier, but the man, interspersing his more serious remarks with that delightful humor which never fails him. Incidentally he began in a monotone imitative of a preacher to give his audience a story from the Bible in which he compared Prof. Webb to the fair young Rachael and he himself to the older, "weak-eyed, thin-haired Leah." The audience was Laban and was to endure the substitute for seven long years, the larger portion of which was to pass during his reading. But to Dr. Petrie's credit it may be said that the time he consumed seemed shorter than seven years—a little. That part in which he referred to the "bivouac of the dead" was especially sweetly sad and pretty. Also his closing lines where he partly adapted for the benefit of the hearts of his audience that saying dedicated to Washington, speaking of Lee, "First in war, first in peace, and first in our hearts."

Dr. O. D. Smith next gave some personal recollections of General Gordon which were deeply appreciated by his audience, coming as they did from one who had been through all that he had to tell about and perhaps a little more than words could well express. His recollections of Gordon were vivid, beginning with the time when he first met him in the study of law in LaGrange, Ga., in 1853, till Gordon later led his "Raccoon Roughs" to Montgomery to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy. He paid Gordon some of the highest tributes that one

man can say of another—tributes accentuated by the noble lips of one who was himself a soldier of the cause which drew Gordon to its banner. When he told where once he and his comrades were hemmed in by the Union men, and over three-hundred of their six-hundred men killed, there was not a heart in Langdon Hall but what was with our beloved white-haired professor when his voice broke and he said that *every one* of those left alive "ralied" to the flag.

The president of the U. D. C. at a late moment discovered that Col. Sutton S. Scott was a "friend" of Gordon. Col. Scott, being "always at the service of the ladies," next gave a few reminiscences of General Gordon, the time when he met Gordon in Huntsville, Ala., at a political meeting. With something of the fire and oratory of a younger man, Col. Scott gave an excellent description of Gordon as a soldier and a statesman.

The rostrum of the hall was appropriately arranged for the occasion—with guns, flags, and portraits of Lee and Gordon to heighten the effect. The musical part of the programme was also greatly enjoyed by the audience. The vocal solos by Messrs. Lay and Herndon were well rendered—also the pretty violin solo given by Miss Mary Drake. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," was excellently sung by Dr. Drake and Messrs. Lay and Herndon. All the renditions were accompanied by Miss Mary Casey on the piano. As is always the case on such occasions the college band played its part in the program with a lively interest furnishing both amusement and music for the audience. Under the able direction of Prof. Fullan, the band is a potent factor in any event of importance, and the college may well be proud of its attainments. The program closed with the rendering of "Dixie" and the rising of the audience; and the ladies of the Auburn U. D. C. are to be congratulated on the delightful programme which they furnished in memory of those who will always be remembered.

THE STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Mr. John McDuffie has been selected to represent this college in the annual State oratorical contest to be held this year in Birmingham, Ala. Mr. McDuffie is a member of the Senior Class; and on several occasions in the past has demonstrated his ability as an orator of the "first water." Together with an inherent self-possession he has a naturalness of manner which eminently qualifies him to appear before the lights in Birmingham. The college has done well in its selection; and if we may be so bold as to make a prediction in something

which is always an uncertainty till the judges have held the audience in suspense for awhile, we think that the laurels of the State contest will again rest on a man from Auburn, Ala.

These State contests should be promoted for many reasons,—partly because they tend to build up an interest in declamation and oratory, partly because they bring our college into notice in this and other States.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

This college has two spacious halls equipped with every facility for conducting any sort of meeting according to Parliamentary rules. These halls have been turned over to the student body for the maintenance of two Literary Societies, namely the Wirt and Websterian; and in return it is expected of the students to show their appreciation of the college's cession of the halls by the manifestation of some interest in their conduct. The purpose of these Societies is primarily to teach the art of debating—to teach their members to speak readily on their feet no matter what they are called upon to discuss. With such a training one might face the world and perhaps talk it into submission.

Both of these Literary Societies are open every Saturday night to every student of the college, regardless of size, sex, or previous condition of servitude—whether he has served his time with the other criminals on the "que" or has just been released from arrest. A charming programme is always pre-arranged by a constituted committee; and delightful music is rendered by a Sin-tet of vocal pieces, most of which happen to be bare-of-tone and so-low you can hardly hear them. These societies need the co-operation of the student body. It is a case of sink or speak; and they barely have their heads above water. Go out and make the old halls ring—not like the supper-bell that says "Stay away!"—but strong enough to disturb the janitor's sleep. "Discuss" Panama—"cuss" President Roosevelt as nearly every one else is doing. Do anything, but don't remain paddling around in stagnant water; let the Faculty see that you wish to retain these halls by the interest you manifest in these societies.

WHY NOT READ MORE?

The College Library opened its doors to the student body on the 15th of Sept., and closed for first term examinations on Dec. 11th. During these three months 1825 books were taken out of the Library, and possibly 6 times that number were taken from the alcoves to be used as reference work. The student body, as a whole, has been reading very little. The number of books, (520), read by the under gradu-

ates, show that at least 125 cadets did not read a single book during the First Term.

Now "it's never too late to mend." Why not turn over a new leaf, and devote a part, at least, of your spare time to reading.

With the best and most complete library in the State at your disposal it may indeed be truthfully said:

"Books are yours
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age, more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will."

T. J. DOWDELL.

THE ACTION OF THE ADVISORY BOARD.

At a meeting of the Advisory Board a week or so ago a motion was made and passed barring all men who played on the Varsity during the past season from engaging in the class foot-ball games. This action of the board aroused much unfavorable comment, excluding as it did many of the best players from all of the class games except the Freshman. The reason assigned for taking this step was that new material would be encouraged to come out and play that would not otherwise do so because of the competition of the Varsity men for the positions on their respective class teams; it was thought that by this preliminary practice of new material next season's Varsity would profit considerably. Owing to the re-decision of several members of the Board who were themselves in the debarred number and the general dissatisfaction which their action caused, the Board repealed the rule and set aside all restrictions as to the eligibility of Varsity men for the class teams.

Of course our Varsity should be our first consideration; it is our battering-ram against foreign interests, things without the precincts of Auburn. It should be maintained and bettered at all hazards. Class teams are perhaps a little different. No matter which class is able to paint the town red as "Champions"—whether "06" proudly stains the sides of old man Skinny's barn, or "07" is painted so high on the college steeple you have to step ten paces to the front and turn a somersault to see it—in any case Auburn wins, and no outsider can say they have triumphed over her.

With such the case—with the importance of the Varsity as the bulwark of Auburn against a foreign element, and the comparative non-importance of the class teams as kindred elements, the championship of any one of which is not detrimental to the whole—the first action of the Advisory Board does not appear so far off the track as it may perhaps seem. But laying aside the

Varsity's previous rights in any decision we may easily question whether any more men would be drawn out by the Varsity men not playing than otherwise. Each class team should have its Scrub team to hold it down to work; and if that does not afford ample room for all the ambitious new material in the neighborhood another Scrub team might be organized to scrub all the dirt off the other Scrub team's face. It is very likely that most of the Varsity men will secure the first places on their respective class teams; but this should not keep other men from trying for the same positions, and, if possible, crowding the more experienced players out. If a boy goes in to play with a determination to make his class team, he will make it—despite many draw backs; if he goes in purely for the fun of the thing, the exercise, he will get as much out of it scrubbing against his own class team as he would with a position on that team.

TENNIS.

Among the more subdued forms of recreation there are none more attractive and helpful than tennis playing. It does not require that force of bodily strength that most of the popular games demand, but is adapted to any strength that is backed by energy enough to follow its rules. It develops the muscles of the body to a certain extent; but the main good to be derived from it is the suppleness which it gives to the limbs—and quite frequently the grace which it brings to the movements and carriage of the body. It is a game which should appeal especially to sentimentalists, for it is a 'Love Game—and the strategic points are lost and won as in that greatest game in the world.'

A BLUFF.

In our last issue our Business Manager made the statement that this paper couldn't "run on gas." Don't believe him; he was only bluffing. We can run on gas—in fact we are doing it now, or at least on some such substance that has the emptiness, the void feeling, of gas. It is as if we had gotten sick on nothing, and had a relapse from eating too much wind pudding flavored too thickly with hot air sauce. A prompt settlement by those who have subscribed, and the subscription of those who haven't, will relieve that vacant feeling; it will be like a dessert set before Ragged Tatters—disdainfully refused with a sniff of the nose.

It is human nature for a man to look out for number one; but the young widow always looks out for number two.—Selected.

Orange and Blue

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Contributions for ORANGE AND BLUE will always be sincerely appreciated, and should be in the hands of the Editors not later than Saturday before week of issue.

OUR DEAD CAESARS.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head."

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

With the going of Gordon the last great captain of Confederacy has quitted the gray camps to march beyond the Big Mountains. Gently over the hills came the low, sweet *Reveille*, and a soldier hurried to join his ranks on the golden camp-ground and answer "Gordon!" to his name. It was the *Reveille* of the Army of Armies that called him; but as it came across the crimson hills of the South it sounded like an echo of a dream of the Lost Cause, so faintly, so sadly it came. To many a heart Gordon's *Reveille* was the *Taps*, the fare-well, of the end of a long day—the closing of the flap of one more tent, the smouldering of one more fire, and the kneeling and the sleeping of one more soldier of the Confederacy.

The South is full of memories sacred to the cause that was once the heart of her life, a heart whose blood was ready to leave its home for what it believed to be right. She remembers well her Stonewall Jackson, her Lee, and her Gordon; and all the glories of a joint imperial state cannot make her forget those she once loved in the name of Secession and those who once loved her. There is hardly a hill against whose barren side there is not a grave of one of those who loved her, or else a cabin with a sweet-voiced, gray-haired mother to point to the valley below and say, "Down yonder we buried him."

The South is a Garden of Roses: the loveliest and the sweetest are ever blooming there, and every morning the dews of Heaven kiss their lips and bid them raise their drooping heads. While we remember our dead Caesars, while every spot of blood that stained their poor, shattered bodies means a tear in remembrance, the Roses will continue to bloom and from the South will continue to be wafted that sweet fragrance which all the cold commercialism the world cannot destroy. But when we forget them, when we cease to revere our dead chiefs and the cause they held dear, then the Roses will change from red to ashen, and their petals will fade and fall away. When our hearts become too cold and dry for tears which our mothers wept for our fathers, then our Roses will wither, drop from their stems, and be trampled in the mud of a forgotten South.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

The Honor System, commonly called, is a system organized by the members of a class for the better preservation of a due sense of honor during examinations, for the furthering of which system some sort of an agreement or pledge is usually entered into between the members of the class. This system has been in force for several years, usually prevailing with the Senior class, and quite frequently with the Junior class.

Cheating on examinations, or as it is usually called "cribbing," has not always been looked upon with that abhorrence with which it would seem natural to clothe an outcast. Especially has this always been true of the Sophomore and Freshman classes. It is not so far back for us to remember when we first came to college, fresh from the dews of our mothers' sighs—how at first we were shocked at the sight of cribbing, hurt in those eyes which were accustomed to the clear light of a home-sun. But, it was not long before we could look on cribbing, whether we ourselves cribbed or not (which is neither here nor there), without that degree of repugnance which should perhaps have characterized our actions. We could watch a boy stealthily slip a book from his desk and translate the contents to his paper without rising in wrath to denounce him—nay, if we were not that boy ourselves, a slight raising of the eye-brows was our only recognition of an act which but a few months before our coming to college would have been only a source of shame. But, it would not be so much a relaxation of our vital principle of honor as it would be a misconception of what that principle should be—a weakness caused by the prevalent attitude of our class-mates and fellow students in general towards cribbing. It is not so much that a boy wilfully violates a pledge of honor of which he realizes the full significance as it is that his conception of the sacredness of the pledge is dulled by seeing others, who in everything else name honor their own, do so easily that which would be of profit to him.

In those classes in which the Honor System has been in effect the view-point as a general rule has been radically changed. When a boy gives his word of honor to his fellow class-men, for some inexplicable reason—inexplicable because an examination pledge is so often broken—he rarely breaks it. Those instances in which the Honor System fails to accomplish its purpose are so few as compared with the status of affairs under the Exam-Pledge System that for that reason, if for no other, its cause should be promoted.

Now the pledge attached to a class Honor System is not essentially different from that outlined on an examination paper. Their principle is the same—their honest blood is common, and a determination to act straight might be called the body of both. One little word, or the merest articulation of speech, might more than suffice for both, if by the addition of words one whit more of honor was implied

in fulfilling the obligations of the one or the other. When one is honorable, a pledge signifies nothing more than a transfer of words according to the wishes of a professor; when one is dishonorable a pledge likewise means nothing. Because one signs a pledge does not always indicate that he is honorable; it only indicates that he says he is honorable; and if he is dishonorable he can as easily say he is honorable as he can be dishonorable.

Honor seldom keeps step with words: it is Iconoclastic in its views, and all forms, ceremonies, and strings of words are displeasing to it. It is such an honor as would hold a boy as strictly to account if a professor forgot to attach a pledge to an examination paper, said nothing about one, and sat behind a newspaper with no hole in it, as the formal declaration, "I have neither given nor received any aid." It is such an honor that needs no defining, no setting of limits, for every gentleman has it innately in him from the virtue of his mother and the honor of his father.

THE SOUTH'S HISTORICAL FIELD.

The resources of the subject were impressed more forcibly upon us by seeing in the Gulf States Historical Magazine an article by Prof. Wm. O. Scroggs of this college, entitled "Alabama and Territorial Expansion." In a simple, clear-cut manner he gives a sketch of certain filibustering movements directed against Texas, Cuba, and Nicaragua, and something of the part taken in these movements by Alabama. But it was not so much his subject and its logical treatment that forced itself upon us as it was that it suggested the magnificent scope the South furnishes for many such subjects, and their really historical significance.

The South is a part of a history-making country, and no mean part at that; and its people should be a part of a history-writing people also. It should not be left to the vitality of a cold, energetic Northern blood to come down here and write of things that should be best known by Southerners and Southerners alone. We are not "hewers of wood" to do the work, sweat our bodies away, and leave the telling of it, the varnishing, to other hands. The South is loaded with historical treasures; and some of the clearest stones that are as yet unfound may be buried there. They only wait for the research and the pens of Southerners with a little of the push and enterprise of Northerners in their back-bones to unearth them.

Surely, if the "rock-bound" coast of New England can be worked, and volume after volume of history squeezed from its hard rocks, the land of Bienville's choice with its rich colors fresh from a romantic French back-ground ought to produce a few pages of history. Surely, if there are hundreds of historical workers in New York to tell of the very first smoke that curled so solemnly from the quaint old stacks of the Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam, there should be a few young Alabamians to

tell of the fiercer smoke that came from Indian wigwams and was heaved upward with savage cries—especially with such names around us as Cheehaw, Notasulga, Loachapoka. But that is not all. There are the old mansions of the Old-South fast crumbling away, there are the negroes fast changing their ante-bellum ways, their customs, their lore—there are many fields where one might now gather a few stray flowers to transplant to the hot-house of history. These fields will soon be ploughed over by the great plough

share of a new civilization, and the chance for the student of history will be gone.

The sources of information are many and varied—perchance an old newspaper file, or the letter of a friend to a friend about a friend in the "time that tried the souls" of Southern men. It is only for the student of history to bring to bear careful research a little persistence, and a certain amount of originality, to be successful in a field yellow with the sheaves of a heavy harvest.

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CHAS. C. THACH, M. A., President.

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EXPENSES.—Students from Alabama pay no tuition. Incidental fee per session, \$5.00; library fee, \$2.00; surgeon's fee, \$5.00; board per month, \$9.50 to \$15.00.

The college has no barracks or dormitories, and the students board in private homes, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

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SEE MY HOLIDAY GOODS IN SEASON

THE IRONY OF A YOUNG LOVE.

(Set to the music that only a mother's slipper can produce.)
In Auburn town there lived a lass,
A pretty lass she was,
With all the sweets the tulip has,
A pretty lass she was.
I loved that lass, I loved her well,
Loved her as young heart can,
And once did give her a caramel,
Like a gallant little man.
She sweetly chewed the caramel,
Chewed it paper and all,
And when her mouth was smeared quite well,
I heard her mother call.

The little maid dropped me a bow
And vanished through the door,
And I was left to wonder how
I could stand it any more.

How could I live without that lass,
That little lass of five—
How could I go without that lass,
And yet remain alive?
But soon my love was chilled with fear,
Creeping down my jacket,
For that little maid I could hear
Raising a big racket.
With only a sign I turned and fled
Down the side-walk plankin';
For who would stay and have it said
He heard his love's spanking?

HERE AND THERE.

Prof. R. M. Webb has been ill at his residence for over a week. We wish him a speedy recovery, and trust he will soon be out among his friends.

Tracy Lay, one of the most popular officers of the Senior Class, has been compelled to go to Montgomery to transact some matters of business interest, and his stay there will probably be indefinitely prolonged.

What one schoolboy knew about water is told in a composition printed in a school journal:

Water is found everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish, when you eat too much.

There is a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, soda water, holy water, and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean the ships couldn't float and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt, and to catch fish in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel!

Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think about water—except the flood. Selected.

SWEATERS

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I express my gratitude to all for their past patronage, and earnestly solicit your trade in the future. Razor honing a specialty.

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THE BLUNDERER'S CONFESSION.

In the darkened hall I kissed her,
When no other girl was nigh.
Handsome maid—who could resist her?
I was bound to do or die!
If she seemed offended, I
Could say I thought it was my sister.
Took good aim and never missed her.
With a start she turned on me,
Freed her small hand from my wrist, her
Eyes with sudden wrath did glister!
Then she giggled—"Tee-hee-hee,"
Thought it funny as could be—
I'll be hanged—it was my sister.

—Selected.

HONORS IN STORE FOR MALCOLM.

The dignities that confront the elder brother are usually appalling to the small sister, and there is a little girl in Columbus, Ohio, who has been giving to the subject much careful attention, as the Despatch bears witness. She electrified the family at breakfast by announcing:

"Next year Malcolm will be a lawn-mower. I wonder why they call him that."

"A lawn-mower!" echoed the astonished mother. "What do you mean?"

"That is what you told me," replied the child, gravely. "This year he was a freshman. Next year he'll be a lawn-mower, and then a janitor and then a senior. And then he'll graduate."—Selected.

DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY.

The attempt of the small boy to be polite ended rather disastrously, although not through any intentional omission on his part. He had been in the habit of supplying the evening paper to a politician, a man of correct business habits, who discovered one evening that he had not the penny for payment.

"That's all right," said the boy; "you can give it to me tomorrow night."

"But, my boy," interposed the gentleman, impressively. "I may not be alive tomorrow night."

"Never mind," answered the boy cheerfully, "it'll be no great loss."

A shadow fell across the statesman's face, and he is still wondering whether the boy, despite his look of innocence, was thinking solely of the penny.—Selected.

Won Without Trying.—A minister was one day walking along the road, and to his astonishment he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them he put the following question: "What are you doing to the dog?"

One little boy said: "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"O," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was a silence for a while, till one of the boys shouted, "Hand him up the dog!"—Tid-Bits.

"O mother!" cried little Bob one day, "when you stroke pussy's fur this way you can feel the electricity, and when you put your ear down you can hear her trolley!"—Selected.

Money is probably spoken of as "cold cash" because it gives so many people a chill to part with it.—Selected.

SOME MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON.

Think before you speak.
Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commendation.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of anyone.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth nor at the table.

Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others and ask not how they came.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your reputation.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so, show it not.

ROTHSCHILD'S MAXIMS.

The following twelve maxims form part of the will of Mayor Anselm Rothschild, the founder of the great banking house at Frankfort. They are now attracting attention in Europe and are recommended to those who desire to succeed in life:

1—Seriously ponder over and thoroughly examine any project to which you intend to give your attention.

2—Reflect a long time, then decide promptly.

3—Go ahead.

4—Endure annoyances patiently and fight bravely against obstacles.

5—Consider honor as sacred as duty.

6—Never lie about a business affair.

7—Pay your debts promptly.

8—Learn how to sacrifice money when necessary.

9—Do not trust too much to luck.

10—Do not pretend to be more important than you really are.

11—Never become discouraged, work zealously and you will surely succeed.—New York Herald.



"On the Square"

Of Interest to All of You

There's no trick in fine clothes, but there's art in making them. We represent the finest houses in this country, people who make a specialty of "College Men" clothes. They pay designers enormous salaries to execute creations with artistic merit. It's the kind of clothes that's not to be had of the send-away-tailor; besides it's far superior in workmanship.

Wait, for our representative will be with you about the middle of January with the styles made up. Ask Ed Bragg, he is our agent.

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W. C. Jackson

LIFE'S SCARS.

They say the world is round, and yet
I often think it square;
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there.
But one great truth in life I've found,
While journeying to the west,—
The only folks who really wound
Are those we love the best.

—Ex.

One very cold day Tom, in his first trousers, was walking out with his tiny overcoat turned back to its utmost limit. "Tom," said his father, "button your coat." The boy demurred. "Look at mine," added his father. "Yes," said Tom, ruefully, "but everybody knows that you wear trousers."—Selected.

When does a man become a seamstress?
When he hems and haws.
No.
When he threads his way.
No.
When he rips and tears.
No.
Give it up.
Never, if he can help it.
—Selected.

NOTHING DOING.

We went to Cupid's garden;
We wandered o'er the land;
The morn was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.
Yes, I held her little shawl—
How fast the evening flies—
We spoke in tones of "love";
I gazed into her—lunch-basket.
I gazed into the basket;
I wished I had a taste;
There sat my lovely charmer,
My arm around her—umbrella.
Embracing her umbrella—
This charming little miss,
Her eyes were full of mischief—
I slyly stole a—sandwich.

—Ex.

"I am a self-made man," said the pompous individual with his chest expanded.

The other looked at him critically.

"Your excuse is satisfactory," he said—Brooklyn Life.

"What we need do," cried I, hotly, "is to take money out of politics!"

"I took out all I saw, sir;" protested the legislator, with convincing candor.—Detroit Journal.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Alpha, and Kappa Sigma.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Rev. E. P. Davis, D. D., pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. every Sunday, Dr. C. A. Cary, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South—E. A. Dannelly, pastor; C. C. Thatch, Sunday School Superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting of Epworth League, Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Auburn Baptist Church—A. Y. Napier, pastor; Prof. J. F. Duggar, Sunday School Superintendent. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Divine Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's Union, 4:10 p. m. Prayer Meeting, 4 p. m. Wednesday afternoon.

Protestant Episcopal Holy Innocents Chapel—Rev. R. C. Jeter, priest in charge. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion, 7:15 a. m. every Sunday except the first Sunday in each month. Evening prayer, every Friday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m., S. L. Tooher, Superintendent.

College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday, 3 p. m., Y. M. C. A. Hall.

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